Wm Bronscombe 230 Ave

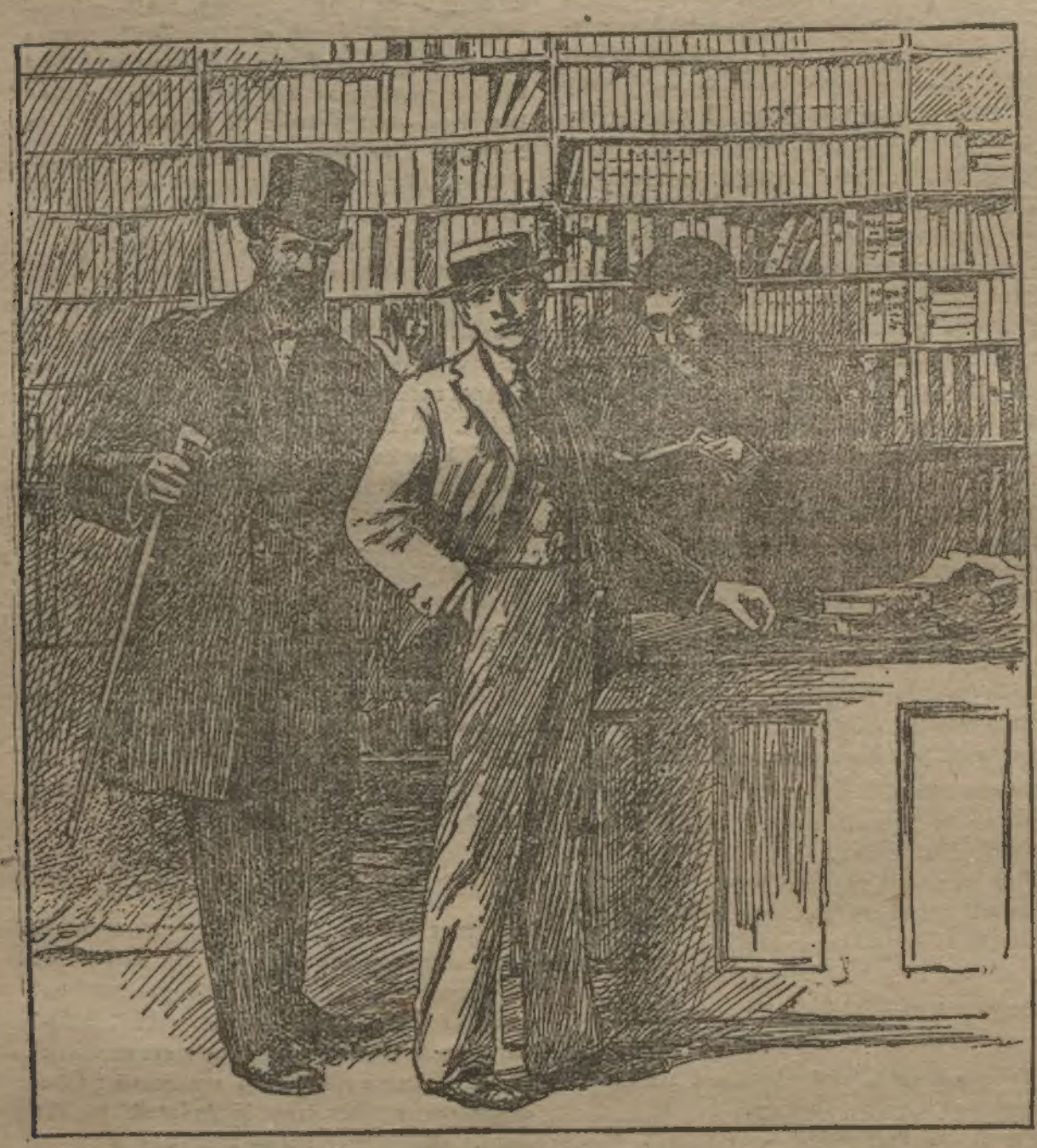
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 49 MONTREAL, DECEMBER 4, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Temptation.

(Mrs. W. B. Sutcliffe, in the 'Irish Templar.')

'Come along, Cyril, come,' said a couple of smart-looking young men to a fellow-student of theirs, who was hesitating as if in doubt whether the step he was about to take was right. 'Come along: an hour's recreation will do you good, and the tutors need never know anything about it.' 'Yes; but I don't know if this recreation is of the right kind,' replied the young man addressed as Cyril. 'I should prefer a good long walk into the country.' 'Bosh!' said one of the young men. 'Right kind! to be



sure it is. I should think it a fine thing indeed if a fellow were to be restrained from a bit of fun simply because he had to teach the young ideas how to shoot, bye-and-bye.' 'But, Cyril,' urged another, 'you are not compelled to join us if you don't like. Be a looker-on. So come on at once, there's a good fellow.'

Cyril Rivers stood irresolute, undecided which way to turn. Indeed his face was a study to a lover of physiognomy—much that was good mixed up with a certain instability and indecision of character likely to operate detrimentally to its possessor. He was the 'only son'—aye, the only grandson—of an aged couple far away on the Yorkshire moors, the pride of their eyes and the hope of their hearts. He was the orphan of their only child, and they had adopted him as their son, fondly hoping that bye-and-bye he would be their solace and comfort. By dint of much economy the lad's love of learning had been encouraged, and at the proper age he had come up to the city as a student in —— College, preparatory to entering on the work of a school-master. He had splendid intellectual powers, and often stood highest in the class after close competition with some of the foremost students, but was somewhat deficient in steadfast principle, earnest purpose, and unshaken determination. Our readers, therefore, will not be surprised that he accompanied his fellow-students to the scene of pleasure. This resort was a favorite billiard-saloon, patronized 'on the sly' of course by the 'fast' young men of the College. Had the fact been known to the authorities, expulsion would have been the certain result. In their company Cyril Rivers passed some hours; and when he at last regained his room, it could have been very truthfully said that he had taken one stride on the road to ruin. Not that conscience did not speak; it did, and loudly too, and Cyril resolved to yield no more. But he did. Other temptations followed, and it was so hard to resist the kindness of his companions—mistaken kindness though. This he could not see; so hard to refuse when offered drink or requested to join them in a Saturday afternoon 'spree.' But very soon he learned to love drink, and then he called for it on his own account. So it was that he trod the slippery path.

Cyril's home supplies were rather scanty, yet sufficient for a young student of limited means. His grandparents were in somewhat humble circumstances, and had both striven and economized very carefully to give him the necessary training for his profession. He knew they spared him all they could out of their little income and could give him no more, so the love for drink tempted him to do what at another time he would have scorned. Within a few months after the conversation given at the commencement of this story, some very valuable books were missed from the College library, and great was the consternation respecting the matter. The College authorities were perplexed, hesitating to blame any students for fear of injuring the innocent, and yet mortified and sorrowful to think that anyone under their tuition could commit himself so basely as to steal. Ingenuity was taxed to find the culprit, but in vain.

So it remained, until one day the Principal was out walking, when his eye saw some familiar looking volumes on a book-stall, and going up to the stall, he requested to be allowed to see the books. On looking over them he found they formed part of the missing books. Here was a valuable clue. Hastening back to the College, the Professor went straight to the library and found the remaining copies of the set. Having marked each volume, he returned to the book-stall keeper, and telling him he suspected the books to be stolen, directed the man to retain them in his custody until he should see him again. This he promised to do, and the Professor having gathered from the description given that the thief resembled Cyril Rivers, set himself to watch that young man narrowly. He was not mistaken. That evening he watched Cyril leave the College with a parcel of books under his arm. Taking his hat and stick, he followed, and came up with him just as he was concluding a bargain with the stall-keeper. Tapping Cyril on the shoulder, he desired him to return with him. The young man obeyed without a word. On arriving at the College, the Professor took him to his own room, and demanded to know the whole truth respecting the crime. Cyril confessed all, and implored mercy. He told how he had contracted a love for drink and billiards; that he had written home for money until his grandfather intimated firmly but kindly that he could send no more, and so to satisfy his craving for these forbidden indulgences he had resorted to theft. All this he told and much more, amid many a pang of remorse. The professor was not an unfeeling man, nor inflexibly stern, and he looked with more pity than anger on poor erring Cyril Rivers. Said he, 'What will your grandparents say to this when they hear of it?' 'I don't know, sir, and I cannot bear to

think. It will almost kill them; but I shall never let them know it.' 'I shall,' returned the Professor. 'Severe as will be the blow, they had better know the truth about you than remain in ignorance of the career of one for whom they have sacrificed so much.' 'I can never see them again, sir, my conduct has been too bad, too shameful,' and he broke down again. 'Very well, Cyril, I trust this lesson will be a life-long warning to you. Banish the drink and the love of it as you would a serpent, otherwise your destiny can soon be foretold—a drunkard's shameful ending in a drunkard's dishonored death. May God save you from it, however. For the sake of your aged grandparents, I shall not prosecute you, neither shall I expose you to the shame of a public expulsion from the College. But you cannot remain here; I could never recommend you as a suitable person to assume the responsibility of educating the young. Therefore, your path to success to the scholastic profession is for ever barred up. Go at once to your room, pack up your clothes and books, and leave the College before the bell rings for the students to assemble in the hall. I trust you will never again commit yourself thus; a second time you may not receive such leniency.'

Cyril Rivers, now that it was too late, bitterly regretted his sin. He left the College, but knew not where to go, or what to do. As he strolled along over Westminster Bridge, carpet-bag in hand, his thoughts flew to the Horse Guards, and he then remembered seeing only a week before, a placard inviting able-bodied men to offer as recruits. He caught at the idea as a drowning man clutches at a straw, and quickly bent his steps there. He was a likely young fellow, and promised from his appearance to make a smart soldier, consequently he was forthwith accepted. He remained long enough at the depot to become thoroughly acquainted with military drill, and was then drafted off with his regiment to South Africa. After arriving there, his career was very short. He had just been promoted to the rank of corporal, and had written home to his aged grandparents for the first time, informing them of it, when he was seized with fever, and died in a few days.

Cyril Rivers's remains rest beneath a tropical sun, far away from old England; but whenever our thoughts roam there (and they sometimes do), we cannot help remembering that his deep disgrace, his banishment from the land of his birth, and his early death, were all attributable to his baneful habit of drinking.

Our Praise Service.

(The 'Christian Guardian.')

When the praise service evening arrives each hymn with its history, occasion, and anecdotes, is given by the minister, and supplemented with a very short and personal address suggested by the thought of the hymn. It is then sung as the chorister has arranged, either by choir or, as is more usual, by choir and congregation. One illustration will be sufficient to show clearly the method. At one of our services the hymn, 'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,' was proposed. Here is how we treated it:

'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus.'—The hymn was composed by George Duffield, a Presbyterian clergyman, in Detroit. He was born in Carlisle, Pa., in 1818, and graduated at Yale College in 1837. He has written a number of hymns, of which this one is, owing perhaps to its associations, best known. It was composed to be sung after a sermon by the writer on the sudden death of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, whose dying words to his Christian brethren were, 'Stand up for Jesus.'

Dudley Atkins Tyng was the son of Dr. Stephen A. Tyng, rector of St. George's Church, Philadelphia, in which parish he passed his boyhood. He was a very precocious scholar. He was able to read the Latin authors at the age of seven, and he entered the University of Pennsylvania at the age of fourteen. He was converted in 1814. His father relates the following touching incident in connection with his conversion: 'Late one night, when all the family had retired to rest, and left me to my closing hour of solitude in my study, I heard the sound of feet descending the stairs. It was this dear boy, who had arisen from his bed in sleepless sorrow. As he came into my room and pressed his arms around my neck, he said, "My dear father, I cannot sleep, I am so sinful. Father, will you pray for me?" '

In 1854 Mr. Tyng became the rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. He entered with loving zeal into the great revival which soon after his installation spread over the city, and became one of the favorite leaders of the great union prayer-meetings. It is said that he met more inquirers during the revival than any other pastor in the city.

In the spring following the great revival he met with a terrible accident that proved fatal in its results. 'Dr.——,' said the young pastor to his physician, 'all my friends have given me up; they say that I am dying. Is that your opinion?' The doctor replied that it was. 'Then, doctor, I have something to say to you. I have loved you so much as a friend; I long to love you as a brother in Christ. Let me entreat you now to come to Jesus.'

He was asked if he had any message for brethren in the ministry. He said, addressing his father:

'Father, stand up for Jesus. Tell them, let us all stand up for Jesus.' He became partially unconscious. He did not know any of the membe.s of the family.

'Do you know Jesus?' he was asked.

'I know Jesus, I have a steadfast trust in Jesus—a calm and steadfast trust.'

'Are you happy, Dudley?'

'Perfectly, perfectly.'

He was buried amid the tears of more than ten thousand people. Let us, oh, men and women and little children, remember this splendid young minister, let us try to emulate his faith and life. Let us rise and sing with all our souls his dying words. Let us 'stand up or Jesus' through all our life, and then, at the last, when we appear in the great judgment hall of God before angels and countless beings, this same Jesus will 'stand up' for us. For he saith, you remember, 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.'

The hymn was then sung with great power.

Chang, an Earnest Convert.

Mr. J. J. Coulthard, of Wu-hu, Ganhwuy, writes in 'China's Millions': 'There are a few native Christians at Hwei-chau, and one of them, a very bright and earnest man, returned from his distant home in Kiang-si (Rao-chau Fu) whilst I was there, and it was a privilege to meet him. He went to his home for the New Year's holidays, and whilst there invited Mr. Ernest Taylor and a native helper to go and preach to the other members of his clan. They made his home the centre, and from there visited many villages, preaching and selling books. Chang is not a bit ashamed of the Gospel, and did all in his power to induce his friends and relatives to give up the false for the true. His own home is an example to them: the household gods and ancestral tablets are all put away and in their place the Ten Commandments and Christian scrolls are hung. During their visit to Chang's home his own immediate friends and household were very willing to be taught hymns, texts, a short prayer for daily use, and the Lord's Prayer. A neighbor of his, a woman who had been a vegetarian for many years, broke her vow, and seemed to really trust in Jesus. Two men who visited Rao-chau with Chang were breaking off opium, and the younger said he decided for Christ, and allowed his door gods to be pulled down.'

'When Chang returned to Hwei-chau his employer informed him that he could no longer allow him to rest on Sundays, but he must work as did the other employees. Chang refused to go back upon that condition. A few days later his master invited him to return, and offered to pay him for resting on Sundays. He was loth to lose so good a workmen, for Chang is the best tailor in the city. Chang replied that all he wanted was the day's rest to worship God; he did not wish payment for resting, but only for work done. The stand that Chang took helped a weaker companion in the faith who had not the courage of his convictions. We praise God for such a manly type of Christian. At the same time we must not despise the many who are weak in the faith.'

The Lord's Share.

A traveller in Ceylon, accompanying a missionary on his pastoral visits, noticed as they walked through the garden that some of the cocoanut trees were marked 'X.' On inquiring why they were so marked, the native Christian answered: 'Because every "X" tree is devoted to the Lord.' He also noticed that his wife, as she cooked the noonday meal, threw a handful of rice into the pot for each member of the family, and then two handfuls into another pot standing near. The traveller asked why the two handfuls were put into the other pot; the wife replied: 'That is the Lord's rice pot, and I remember him when cooking each meal.'—'Christian Herald.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Treweek's Boys.

(M. B. Manwell, in 'Sunday at Home.')

'The rule of three doth puzzle me,' croaked a weary young voice, and the old distich ended with a yawn so unexpectedly powerful that the rest of the boys in the room jumped.

'What an idiot you are, Pen!' angrily said Mac, the eldest of the crew of six, pushing back his papers. 'Who d'you suppose can do brainwork to the tune of your noises?'

'Who wants to do brain-work?' retorted the yawner. 'I don't, for one, and if old Treweek——'

'Hush—h! Can't you! Don't you see that little pitcher swallowing it all down?' whispered another boy at the long table.

'What, little Jan? Are you there, young shaver? Run away, and play yourself outdoors,' said Pen grandly.

'I musn', I can't,' piped a shrill voice, and a pair of round blue eyes, not much above the edge of the table, widened. 'My prep's got to be done, first!'

'Your "prep"!' echoed Pen. 'A baby scarcely out of petticoats talking about his "prep"! Well, mine's finished, anyhow! Hilloa! What on earth's that hub-bub? Listen, you boys!'

The schoolroom, where Treweek's boys worked, year in and year out, at their cordially detested lessons, was at the back of the old Cornish parsonage, the front of which looked on the high road and, beyond, to that far-off, fascinating streak of blue which meant the sea.

From the high road came a humming dirge or dance, and every boy pricked up his ears instantly.

The next moment every boy was on his feet, alert, keen and expectant.

'Bagpipes!' hoarsely said the excited Pen.

'Bagpipes quotha?' echoed Mac, in disdainful indignation, but then Mac hailed from the far North.

'Where's the patience to come from to put up with you, Pen? Come on and see for yourself that it's only Savoyards musetting about the road!'

There was a stampede from the schoolroom.

Little Jan's blue eyes watched the flying heels disappear, then they glanced back at his work.

The boy wavered for one second. But the next he plumped abruptly down on his chair again. The 'prep' had got to be done, and little Jan Treweek was not the sort of boy to shirk his work.

Outside, meanwhile, the monotonous humming continued, and Jan was on fire to know what it might mean.

In a lonely country district the merest hap or incident serves to make the day bright, and every molehill is a mountain.

Thus, it was no light effort Jan was making to pin his eager young self down to his task while the pipes musetted on, on.

But there was grand stuff in the little shaver. He was not going to give in until his hands were free.

Upstairs, in the old parsonage, there was a room where Jan had learned other lore than his 'prep.' All her days of late on a couch lay somebody who was just all the world to young Jan, and that was mother herself, with her kind, sweet eyes and patient mouth. It was mother who had taught him that, second to love, a part of love for that matter, came obedience. Because of love, obedience must be. And, taught mother, when obedience is a thing too far-reaching to be comprehended by little chaps who have but recently taken the initial step of boyhood, that out of petticoats into knickerbockers, there was a third thing, namely, trust.

So, to-day, the morning had been long and wearing. Then came the fascinating hum of the pipes, a load-stone drawing the boys outdoors. Why shouldn't Jan, also, follow in their wake?

Jan did not know, so there was nothing for it but to do the third thing—trust that obedience was right, because love—or mother—said so.

Stuffing his thumbs into his ears Jan finished up his task, and lo! the humming music was going on outside louder than ever.

There was not much of the prig's gait in the clean pair of heels that flashed round the house to the righ road.

'Oh—h!' shrieked out little Jan when he reached the gate.

His wildest flight of imagination had not conjured up anything more exciting than a shivering monkey hopping round to the tune of a wandering Savoyard's pipes.

But here, absolutely close to the gate, were two huge, brown objects on their hind legs, each with a rope through its snout dancing clumsily, and greatly against its will, on the dusty road.

Bears!

Jan, petrified, actually shivered with delight as he gazed, with starting eyes, at the great animals revolving up and down to the music of the pipes on which one of the three foreigners accompanying the bears was performing.

'Prime! Isn't it just, youngster?' Pen nudged Jan violently. 'That's a Russian with the younger bear, the other two are Italians. That bear the Russian is leading has got a temper, I tell you! Listen to his howls! My! Wouldn't he like to go for the Russian—or for one of us!' Pen's eyes rolled comfortably, for the parsonage gate was between spectators and performers.

'Is that why it yowls?' asked Jan, intently watching the younger bear. 'It sounds just like Canny when his hind leg was in the tray, and we didn't know how to loosen it, don't you remember?'

Pen nodded; but the likeness of the cries did not appeal to him.

At this juncture Canny himself, the ragged-eared terrier, that carried on his shoulders the burden of the charge of the parsonage, appeared on the scene.

After a few staccato barks, Canny became as intent on the younger bear's movements as Jan. Perhaps he also noticed—who among us can speak for or against an animal's instinct—that each time the Russian tweaked the rope the bear's 'yowls,' as Jan called them, grew more piercingly anguished.

'I wonder if it hurts him to dance!' said Jan, brooding over the note of pain in the bear's voice.

'Hurt! No, sare! Him bad one, ver' bad one!' The Russian stopped his chanting accompaniment to the pipes to say, and he gave a sharper pull at the rope that he held.

The next moment the heart of every Treweek boy was in his mouth, and it took all they were worth as regards courage not to turn and flee to the house for safety.

The young bear had, suddenly, turned on its leader, and the Russian was lying in the dusty road, pinned down by the terrible paws of the angry beast, its howls of moaning pain continuing to ring out.

From the man on the ground came never a sound, nor a movement. As a mouse is paralyzed in the clutch of a cat, the Russian lay motionless.

'It's squeezing him to death! Oh, help, can't somebody help?' Pen screamed as he unlatched the gate, and the boys, down to little Jan, ran into the road. Even if they were helpless, they had pluck and would, at least, share the peril.

'Back! Back you!' shouted the foreigners.

In a few seconds the men had separated the frantic bear and their comrade, who, scrambling to his feet, looked round with a pale smile.

'Why did the bear go for him?' tremblingly demanded Pen.

'Him no like he, that's so!' The Italian's teeth flashed as he raised his pipes again. 'Bear no like boss!' he explained further, and, presently, the bears were clumsily dancing round to the humming music once again.

'I wonder he didn't thrash the bear for throwing him!' said Mac. 'D'you notice he has never put a finger on the beast?'

'But why is it yowling again?' demanded Jan. He might be the youngest of Treweek's boys, but he was the most observant of the crew the dreamy Cornish parson had had committed to his care to educate. For that matter, Jan was the only born Treweek among them, Mac being a doughty Scot; Pen, the only son left to old General Carew, who was the terror of half Cornwall when he sat on the bench; and the three others, Londoners.

Certainly the bear's cries were those of a creature in anguished pain. Yet there had been no punishment. The Russian had not even a stick or a whip in his hand.

'I reckon it's nothing but temper. He don't like this showing off, makes him feel a fool perhaps,' observed Mac, sticking his hands in his pockets.

The boys had not retreated back through the gate, but were on the high road. If foreigners were not afraid when thrown by wild beasts—well, it wasn't likely Britishers were going to show any want of nerve! That was all, decided Treweek's boys as one man.

And foremost in the row stood little Jan, who, after giving a careful glance over Mac to copy the exact angle at which elbows belonging to pocketed hands should stick out, gave himself up to the mystery of the bear's 'yowls.'

It was a thing he had got to find out. Mother had always told him that the leading principle in taming all creatures was love, the next slowness. For that matter mother's one life-text seemed to be the 'greates of these three,' love! Well, if you come to that, brooded young Jan, the Russian must love that bear or he would have whacked him soundly for throwing him.

And as for slowness the hum-hum and the dancing could not possibly be lazier than they were.

Mother, of course, could not be wrong, and yet the small reddish eyes of the bear were glowing with rage as well as pain.

I wonder if his paws have been cut or something, Jan thought, for he noticed that the instant the bear stood still its moaning cries ceased, only to break out again at the merest hint from the Russian's rope.

The performance, at last, ended by the Italian piper coming round with his greasy cap for the boys' coppers, and, presently, the troupe of men and beasts were trudging away along the high road.

'Let's get down to the nets,' suggested Pen.

'Yes,' assented Mac; 'we've lost half an hour already. The dinner-bell will ring in next to no time!'

The boys fled, leaving Jan wistfully staring at the diminishing cloud of dust which enveloped the little procession. His ears were still filled with the 'yowls' which he felt convinced meant sore paws or pain of some kind. His tender little heart ached, for Jan had that passionate love for animals which is born in some of us, and not in others.

'I wonder if—I wonder if——' he said half aloud. 'I'll try anyhow!'

Dashing into the house he unearthed a money-box from his own cupboard, and was out again on the high road, his heels setting up as much dust almost as the group ahead. He would ask the Russian, who seemed quite a loving man or he would have certainly punished the bear, to take the suffering creature to old Simon Trevick down Treherne Town.

Simon doctored all the sick cows and horses and dogs of the neighborhood. There was not the old Cornishman's equal with four-footed things. And the money-box would pay Simon amply, Jan felt sure.

'Hi! hi!' he yelled, putting on a spurt to reach the procession ahead. But no notice was taken of his shouts until the group pulled up at a solitary little ale-house on the roadside.

It was not the time of day for the usual customers, only two old men sat on a bench outside sunning themselves, but the foreigners drew up, and the pipes hummed away. A woman and a girl came out and stood on the doorstep to gaze, with frightened, fascinated eyes.

Then Jan arrived and bided his time.

The foreigners gave him a careless glance; they were accustomed to a following of enthusiastic little boys.

The younger bear began his 'yowls' almost immediately, and Jan, intensely curious, edged still closer to the clumsy dancer, so close that his sharp young eyes saw, with horror, a red stain on the rope near the crying bear's snout.

Then it 'was' pain that Jan had recognized the cries so like those of Canny in the trap!

Nearer edged the boy, and the bear, lurching by, trod on his foot with its ponderous hind paw.

The next moment came a louder cry, and a scuffle. Again the Russian lay on his back in the dust, and the bear was squeezing the breath out of him.

The women in the doorway ran shrieking into the house-place. The two old men rose from the bench. one tottered helplessly towards the struggling group, the other tottered as helplessly to safety.

'Oh, don't you see!' shouted little Jan. 'Its mouth is bleeding, the rope hurts it!'

The pipe-player was busy pounding the bear while the other foreigner was holding in bear number two which had got on its four legs, and was growling ominously, so nobody paid any attention to Jan.

'I mus' get the rope out myself!' half sobbed the child, and he fearlessly seized it in his two hands.

There was a terrible roar, and the bear, loosening his grip of the half-choked Russian, turned on Jan.

'Run you! Fly you!' screamed the pipe-player. 'He will kill!'

There was no time to run. The bear's hot breath was in Jan's face, but at hand was the group of old elms in front of the ale-house.

Like a flash, the active little shaver was fighting his way up the nearest tree, the bear after him.

It is second nature for a bear to climb trees in its native state. But this bear was a beaten-down, ill-used animal, passing most of its life on its hind-legs, and had lost its natural activity.

The foreigner managed to get its rope in his grip, and the Russian, on his legs once again, seized it from him.

'What's all this? What does this mean?' a stentorian voice shouted in commanding tones.

A high dog-cart, with a pair of horses, tandem-fashion, had drawn up, and the groom had sprung to the leader's head. Another man, in policeman garb, jumped also from the back seat to hold the second horse, for rampant bears were not common objects in that part of Cornwall.

Old General Carew had been sitting on the bench that morning, and was in his customary glow of righteous indignation against erring mankind. But it was upon the policeman, to whom the General had given a lift home, that the eyes of the foreigners were fixed nervously.

'It is all nozing, sare!' they faltered in a chorus.

But even as they spoke the Russian had tweaked the rope absently. The bear, with a roar of new pain, rushed upon him, and once again the two were rolling on the ground.

'Hold the horses!' shouted the General, springing down. He had potted more than one bear in his day and knew just the spot on the nose to strike.

His whip-end was elevated with that purpose, when a shriek from aloft stopped it in mid-air.

'Oh, don't! You musn', please!' Jan's small white face peered from the elm branches.

'It's his poor nose, it's all raw, and the rope's hurting it now, every time that it moves! 'Tisn't the bear that's bad, 'tis the man! He's cruel bad!'

'Eh! eh! Bless me! Who's this now? Why, why, young Treweek as I'm alive! What are you doing up a tree, sir? Come down!'

Jan obeyed with a promptitude that was rather alarming, but with the good fortune of cats and boys, he alighted on his feet safely.

'Eh, eh! I didn't mean literally when I said "come down"!' gasped the startled General. 'Now, then, let's have your evidence. Do you give these men in charge for maltreating animals, or what?'

From under his beetling brows the General glared down.

'Please, sir, yes!' nervously, but undauntedly, said Jan. 'The bear's nose is all sore and raw, and that man knows it is, and he pulls the rope all the time. And that's why he don't beat the bear when it throws him, the rope hurts worse than the beating, because of the sore nose. Please, sir, let the pleeceman take the rope out of the bear's snout!' pleaded the boy urgently. The Russian was once again on his feet, so was the bear.

''Pon my word! A little shaver like you has found that out for yourself? Policeman, here! Examine this bear's snout, and report if it is raw!'

'I—I'd rather not, sir, with due respect, sir, to you!'

The man of the law backed, with some trepidation.

'What! You'd rather not!'

The old General bounced forward. He would let them all see.

'Please, General, here's old Simon Treweek coming! He will do it!' half shrieked little Jan.

True enough Simon was trudging at top speed, a halter on his arm. Ill news is like a fire; already it had spread far and wide that the bears were eating up their leaders, and Treweek's boys as well.

A few minutes and Simon was master of the situation. The halter was round Bruin's neck, and cutting the rope close to the snout the horrible agony of its irritation ceased.

And by the time a great cloud of dust on the high road resolved itself into the other five Treweek boys, the bears and their leaders were on their way under the policeman's supervision to the county goal.

'I promise you I'll see the matter through, you scoundrels,' the General shouted after them. 'You'll see me on the bench to-morrow!'

He was as good as his word, and dealt out a vigorous punishment to the Russian whose barbarous mode of training young bears was brought to light by little Jan Treweek.

And you may be sure the greatest hero in those parts was Jan, carried shoulder-high by his admiring schoolmates all the way home from the Court-house.

But perhaps mother's whispered word of praise was to little Jan the sweetest reward of all for his pluck and his tender-heartedness.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

Going Away From Home

Some time ago a bright, active boy of seventeen left his father's home in Connecticut with barely enough money in his pocket to carry him to Denver, Colo., whither he went lured by some false hope of bettering his condition. His father is a well-to-do farmer, and there was no reason why the boy should have turned from the comforts of home and the love and care of indulgent parents; but, prompted by the desire to see the world, and to feel the freedom of one who 'is looking out for himself,' he crossed the great plains and reached Denver an almost penniless stranger.

He began to look for work, that he might obtain money to meet his actual needs; but he soon found that the great Western city was already crowded with young men and boys who were 'willing to do anything,' and day after day of disappointment came to him. At length, after having been obliged to live without sufficient food and necessary protection, he was stricken with typhoid fever, was taken to the county hospital, and there died.

A young man who is connected with the Young Men's Christian Association of a large Western city says that scarcely a day passes without his meeting some of the homeless, friendless, and moneyless young men and boys who throng all the streets; and especially as winter approaches does he long to lift a voice that shall reach every home in the land that numbers among its members a restless, adventurous boy.

'Day after day they come into the rooms of the Association with which I am connected,' he says, 'and just a look into the face of one of them will reveal his story, usually before he has had an opportunity to speak a word.

'"I want to know if you can tell me where I can get work to do?" are words we hear every day from sad-faced, penniless young men, and all we can do for the majority of them is to try to let fall expressions of sympathy, instead of the harsh words of blame, which often seem to rest on our lips—as we listen to the story we have heard so many times of the good home in the East, and think of the expression which is sure to come in some part of the conversation—"If ever I get back there, I'll be glad enough to stay."'

Now, boys, I touch this subject carefully, for I know that, like many another matter, it has two sides, and that one who looks at it, as he is apt to, after listening to a story like the above, is likely to see but one.

There may come a time in a boy's life when just the thing he ought to do would be to leave home and look out for himself. It is possible that Bayard Taylor would never have won the honor which crowned his life had he not, a young man of nineteen, dared to leave his Pennsylvania home and attempt a trip through Europe, with only one hundred and forty dollars in his pocket.

But look at Bayard Taylor, his ability to take care of himself, his genius, his development in the commonplace paths of his early life, and then examine your own nature and capabilities, and see if you have as much to help you through as he had.

We find that a great many of these young men who express a willingness to do 'anything, I don't care what,' have never fitted themselves to do well any one thing, and that is the main reason why they are penniless.

If you have a good home, stay there, and fit yourself for something you are sure you will want to do after a while, when thrown upon your own resources. Do not be in a hurry to begin your life-work, but take plenty of time to prepare.

If circumstances make you leave your home while yet in your boyhood, go out into the world with some higher purpose than a mere thirst for adventure and a desire to be free from home restraint.

If obliged to assume the responsibility of taking care of yourself as a homeless, friendless, and penniless boy, God help you to make the most and best of yourself, but do not walk deliberately into this latter condition, if it is in any way possible to keep out of it.—Walter Palmer, in 'Forward.'

Bad Breeding.

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railway. He was usually alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly-dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

'He's out,' said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

'Do you know where he is?'

'No.'

'When will he be in?'

''Bout nine o'clock.'

'It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't Western time.'

'There's the clock,' said the boy, smartly, pointing to the clock on the wall.

'Oh, yes! thank you,' said the gentleman. 'Ten minutes to nine. Can I wait here for him?'

'I s'pose, though this isn't a public hotel.'

The boy thought this was smart, and he chuckled over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

'I would like to write a note while I wait,' said the caller; 'will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?'

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said:

'Anything else?'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are.'

The boy felt flattered by the word smart, and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied:

'I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of "Billy." But here comes the boss.'

The 'boss' came in, and, seeing the stranger, cried out:

'Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We—'

But John Thompson's kid heard no more. He was looking for his hat. Mr. Smith was the president of the railway, and Billy heard from him later, to his sorrow. Anyone needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar 'smartness' might secure him, as he is still out of employment.—'Youth's Companion.'

Miss Five Cents.

(Isabelle Horton, in 'Northwestern Advocate.')

'Oh, Miss Five Cents!' 'Hello, Miss Five Cents!' 'Wait a minute!'

A girl whose merry dark eyes belied the nun-like severity of her black dress, turned a smiling face in the direction from which came the saucy voices, in no wise disconcerted by the unconventionality of their address.

'Oh, Karl, is it you? Good morning, Nannie. How is your sister to-day, Frank?'

A clamorous group gathered around her, the bolder ones grasping her hands or her dress. 'Ain't you coming to my house?' was the general query.

'Not to-day, little folks; I have a meeting at the church.'

Her quick eyes had wandered beyond the group about her and spied a tanned face and a pair of blue eyes regarding her furtively from the shadow of a passageway running back between the buildings. The children's quick eyes followed her questioning glance.

'Aw—that's Frida Olson; she lives in the court.'

'Why, then she must be a neighbor of yours. Have you invited her to our Sunday-school class?'

'We don't want her.' 'She wouldn't come, anyway.' 'She's an awful mean girl.' 'She's a thief; she stole some cold potatoes right from our back door.'

'Dear, dear; we must surely have her in our class and see if we can't help her to do better, mustn't we?' The children's faces looked dubious approval, but they vouchsafed no reply. The deaconess—for such her small bonnet with its white silken ties proclaimed her—was moving on with her clamorous escort when an old tin can whirled into the midst of the group, barely missing her, and struck the back of Karl's rough jacket, leaving a muddy stain.

'Aw; that's Frida. She did that,' and with a common impulse the entire band dashed down the passage after the small Philistine who had by this Parthian arrow demonstrated her contempt for them and their opinions. The deaconess, left alone as suddenly as she had been surrounded, hesitated, doubtful whether it was not her duty to follow and see that no harm befell the child, but a glance at her watch decided her.

'She'll take care of herself—she is evidently used to; I don't believe they would hurt her anyway,' and she passed on her way.

Frida flew down the passage with the raft at her heels. It led into a small court surrounded by old tenements, one of the more pretentious of which rose to the height of three or four stories and was criss-crossed by crazy wooden stairways. Up one flight of these Frida rushed, and from the rude veranda into which it opened she paused to hurl defiance at her pursuers. Leaning over the wooden railing she thrust out her tongue in a highly insulting manner at the rabble below.

'You threw that can!' 'Come down; I'll dast ye to!' 'Come down an' I'll give it back to ye!' were some of the least offensive of their offensive challenges, to which Frida answered never a word.

'Frida, come here; I want you,' called a fretful voice from inside and Frida turned and slowly entered the house. A woman lay upon a disordered bed, which alone occupied a quarter of the entire space of the little room.

'Bring me water, Frida,' and the child went to the hydrant and returned with a brown, cracked teacup, which she offered to the sick woman. She raised herself upon her elbow and held it to her hot lips eagerly, but after the first swallow put it away with a disappointed air. 'Ach, it iss warm; put it away,' and rolling her thin, soiled pillow under her head, she law down again with a groan.

Her face was flushed and quivering and the child could only look at her in helpless perplexity. She also had her own troubles.

'Mother,' said she, 'when are you going to get well? I'm just as hungry as I can be.'

'Oh, mein Gott! I know not,' burst from the woman's quivering lips and she pressed her hands over her eyes. 'You must something find; I can no help.'

'But I can't find anything, mother; not in the court, nor clear over into Dalzie street. I can't find even a piece of bread,' and Frida's own eyes were filling with tears and her lip quivered.

The woman started to her feet, but reeled dizzily back onto the bed. 'Oh, mein Gott! mein Gott in himmel! I must work,' she groaned, and the child, frightened now as well as hungry, burst into loud sobs. But quickly checking them, she sat down in the door, the tears still rolling down her cheeks.

Presently, as the shadows in the court began to deepen, she aroused herself and listened. The Fogarty children, who lived below, her special enemies, were away. She fancied she could hear their voices out in the street. She stole cautiously down the stairs, stopping at every sound. At the bottom she looked eagerly around, but not so much as a crust could she spy. It was a potato snatched from that same floor that morning which had brought upon her the sudden descent of her enemies with the cry of 'thief,' but she was so very very hungry that she cared little for that. She skulked around the court, her eager eyes searching every nook and corner for the coveted morsel, and finally slipped right through the long dark passage and stood again in the street. The children had evidently forgotten the quarrel of the afternoon, for they let her pass with only an indifferent glance. She had gone a block or more, when she suddenly found herself face to face with the woman who had been the innocent but immediate cause of the quarrel—'Miss Five Cents.'

Her first impulse was to dart out of sight again, but her need, together with some idea suggested by the queer name, inspired her with a sudden boldness, and she walked directly up to the woman and said:—'Please, will you give me five cents?'

The deaconess paused and looked into her face, still smiling. Then she put out her gloved hand and took the little cold, dirty fingers in a warm clasp and said: 'Show me where you live, little one. Have you a mother?'

'Mother's sick,' returned the child, soberly, and led the woman back toward the court. It was Frida's hour of triumph when she led 'Miss Five Cents' through the group of children who clamored in vain for her to wait, and she could not repress a backward glance as they climbed the steep stairs together.

'Here's a lady, mother. It's Miss Five Cents' was her introduction.

The deaconess took the sick woman's hand, sat down by her side and soon had the whole sad story. She had moved into the court but a few weeks before, expecting to support herself and her child by washing, but hard work and a sudden cold had prostrated her more than a week ago, since which time their small resources were exhausted, and without care or medicine she was growing worse rather than better.

'When I have some food den I get well, but I no eat,' she explained apologetically, adding with some bitterness, I tink Gott does not remember us any more.'

The visitor did not see fit to argue the point just then. She rose and put back her chair hastily, saying: 'I'll be back in a few minutes, Mrs. Olson,' and was gone.

Half an hour later she was climbing the stairs again with a heavy basket.

'I've brought you something to eat,' she said, breathlessly. 'Mrs. Fogarty in the flat below has just got home from her work and I'm going to ask her to let me broil you a bit of steak on her fire. Mrs. Fogarty and I are old friends.'

Frida gave a gasp of dismay, but the mother was too faint and ill to protest, and the visitor hurried out again.

Soon after Mrs. Olson had another caller. It was Mrs. Fogarty, red-faced and strong-armed, bearing a steaming tray, the odors from which roused the woman with a sense of eager hunger. 'Oh, give me something quick,' she demanded.

'The saints presarve us! Why didn't ye let folks know ye was sick? I'd a give ye a sup from our table any day. It ain't much we have for sure, but we kin always divide wi' them as has less. Fer mesilf, I'm out to me work by five ivery mornin' scrubbin' the te-ay-ter, an' I niver knowed that ye wasn't out yersilf jist the same. An' it's starvin' yersilf ye was. Sure, an' if the dayconess hadn't come in I'd niver knowd it' till ye was stone dead.

'Wass you call her?' said the sick woman, looking up with a cup of steaming tea poised in a shaking hand, 'Dat woman—Frida calls her a queer name; she call her Miss Five Cents.

'Five cents, nothin'. That's the name the childer give her in fun—the spalpeens. Her name is Nichol, an' a nickel is five cents, ain't it? I'd break their necks if they called me names loike that; but she jist laughs an' thinks it's fun. My youngsters all set great store by the dayconess.'

Meantime the deaconess herself had hurried out on her way home. But in the dark passage a little form suddenly pressed close to her and two thin arms were upstretched in the darkness. 'I want to come by your Sunday-school, Miss Five Cents.'

There was a little touch on the child's forehead. 'So you shall, dear; I'll call for you myself. Run home now and get your supper while it's nice and hot.'

The Mission to the Streets

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, although at first they tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and full of eagerness, she began her training at a school in another city.

One day she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return in a few weeks. Long before the weeks had passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said slowly, 'You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?

'Oh, yes,' the girl answered quickly, 'and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class; and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing—'

'Margaret,' the old minister said, 'come here.'

Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

'All up and down the streets,' the old minister said, 'in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them—they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them—many of them never open a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the Gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the face of men and women.

'Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and she asked your name. "I wanted to tell her," she said, "how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me."

'Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy—and they are more than any of us realize—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?'

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was no coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

'Thank you,' she said, 'I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

How the Parsonage was Papered.

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in the 'Canadian Baptist.')

The little parsonage stood bleak and cheerless in the wintry sunlight. A window was open, and the February wind, sweeping through the empty rooms, rattled a torn shade that had been left there by the last tenants. Deacon Cummings and the Sunday-school superintendent both stood viewing the cottage with speculative eyes.

'There's the salary to raise,' the deacon was saying, 'and the extra expense of the new furnace must be met. No, we'll have to let the parsonage go. I know it does need papering, but we've our hands more than full already.'

The Sunday-school superintendent looked disappointed.

'I think we could manage it,' he suggested mildly, 'if—'

'No, we can't!' said the deacon, decidedly. 'The parsonage 'll have to go as it is.'

'But his wife's an invalid,' persisted the Sunday-school superintendent, still more mildly, for, like all the rest of the church members, he stood greatly in awe of the determined deacon.

'Yes, she is,' he deacon assented, a little reluctantly. 'Hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year, I understand. Lung trouble, you know. That's why they're coming West. Well, it's hard for a pastor on a small salary to have a sick wife. Hard for him and the children. I should like to see the parsonage papered, but it's quite out of the question. The sun comes in finely at the windows, that's one consolation, and soap and water is another. So they'll have to put up with things as they find 'em. It's all we can do to raise the salary.'

A moment later the two men walked away, leaving Lily Maude standing by her scrub pail. Lily Maude was washing the floor. She had been hired by the committee for that purpose. The last minister had been unmarried, and the parsonage had been rented. But with his departure a new order of things was being brought about. A new pastor was coming, and with him an invalid wife and three small children. And Lily Maude was to scrub and wash windows and woodwork, to make ready for the new occupants.

Lily Maude was pale and small and stoop-shouldered. Her hair was colorless, and her blue eyes, her only beauty, looked out serenely upon a world that had never been an easy one to her, for Lily Maude's mother was dead and her father a cripple. Lily Maude made the living now for both. She was only sixteen, yet her small hands were already calloused and toil hardened.

'And the new minister's wife hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year.' Lily Maude had heard what the deacon had said, and she knew something of what it meant. She had been used to sickness all her life. Was not her father helpless now, and had not her mother been an invalid for three years?

She looked up at the grimy walls regretfully; then, taking her broom, she walked into the small bedroom. Here the walls looked worse than ever. There were soiled finger-marks upon them, and some one had torn from them strips of paper, laying bare the plastering.

'And she hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year, and will have to lie here in a room like this,' thought Lily Maude. 'It's too bad! I'm afraid it will make her worse instead of better.'

She leaned on her broom-handle meditatively. 'If I could only do something,' she whispered, slowly. 'I believe,' she added, 'I believe I'll try. This room has to be fixed some way.'

By noon the next day Lily Maude's work was done. The floors were clean, the windows shining, the woodwork spotless. She had done her best. As she turned the key upon the house, her thin face was full of purpose. She hurried down the walk, a shabby little figure in her worn skirt and jacket. Her hands were bare, and the sharp winter wind had already made them blue. But Lily Maude was not thinking of anything so small as her own discomfort. She was used to facing cold winds; used to scanty fare and shabby clothes; used to hard work and poverty and deprivations.

She walked rapidly until she turned into the principal business street; then she slackened her pace, halting at a certain shop door. Here samples of wall paper were displayed in the windows, together with a number of cans of paint and a few picture frames. Lily Maude entered. In the rear of the shop some one was busily working. It was Horatio Robinson, the proprietor.

He looked up at Lily Maude. 'How do you do?' he said, cordially. 'What can I do for you?'

Lily Maude flushed a little. 'I came to see you about papering a bedroom,' she replied, shyly, 'but I haven't any money. It's a room at the parsonage,' she added. 'The minister's wife is coming there to live, and she's sick. I heard them talking about it. The church don't feel able to do anything, and I—I just can't stand it to think of her going into a room like that!'

She looked up, with a flush still on her face. 'I can scrub, Mr. Robinson, and I can wash,' she went on, shyly, 'and I—I thought—for I studied it all out—that perhaps you might let me work for your wife to pay for it. Will it cost very much?'

Horatio Robinson looked down into the small face.

'That depends on the quality of the paper,' he answered, kindly. If it's cheap—'

'But it must not be cheap,' broke in Lily Maude, hastily. 'It must be pretty and bright; not too bright, you know, but something that will be pleasant to look at.'

'How's this, then?' said Mr. Robinson, taking down a roll of paper from a shelf above him. 'You'll have to wash a good many days, though, to pay for this,' he added, shrewdly. 'Perhaps you wouldn't like that.'

But Lily Maude's hands were clasped. She was looking at the paper. 'Oh, I shouldn't mind that at all!' she answered quickly. 'I'm used to washing, and that paper—it's beautiful, Mr. Robinson. Will you really paper the room and let me work for you?'

Horatio Robinson looked at her kindly. He was a sharp business man, but he had a good heart, nevertheless.'

'I don't see how I can refuse you,' he said, smiling. 'When people show a disposition to do their part, I like to do my part. So you like the paper, do you? Well, your taste is good, for its the handsomest thing I have.'

'It's lovely,' said Lily Maude, dreamily, still gazing at it. 'Oh, I hope she'll be pleased!'

Mr. Robinson was touched. He looked at the slight figure, and something rose in his throat.

'I'll do the work for you to-morrow,' he said. 'It isn't every one I'd do it for, but you're a brave girl.'

Lily Maude grew radiant. 'Thank you! thank you!' she cried, gratefully 'And I'll work my very best for your wife!' she added, quickly.

'I'm not afraid of that,' was the answer. 'You can go up to see her this afternoon and talk it over. She won't work you so hard,' he added. 'She's not that kind.'

'I don't mind work,' replied Lily Maude, blithely, 'as long as I can please folks. Here's the key, Mr. Robinson. It's the bedroom off the sitting-room. That's to be her room. I heard the ladies all talking about it.' Lily Maude smiled again, and then hurried out.

The man looked after her thoughtfully.

'Well,' he said, as he turned to his work. 'I like a spirit that that. There's some promise to a girl of that kind, and some Christianity. Willing to scrub and wash to pay for papering a room for somebody that's sick. Such a frail little creature as she is, too! I think I'll go to hear that new preacher when he comes. I'm interested in his family already, and I'll do my best work on that papering, as sure as my name is Horatio Robinson!'

The room was finished, and Lily Maude stood by in awed admiring silence. Mr. Robinson had himself added a handsome border. The unsightly walls were hidden, and Lily Maude's heart was full of joy.

'Isn't it beautiful?' she cried, ecstatically. 'And, oh, I'm glad, so glad to think I could do it!'

The door opened. Lily Maude looked up and saw Deacon Cummings.

'Well, Lily,' he began, pleasantly, 'you did your work well, I see. Everything as clean as a new pin.'

Just then his eyes fell on the newly papered walls. 'Whose work is this?' he demanded.

Lily Maude turned pale.

'Mr. Robinson's, sir,' she faltered.

'Yes, yes, but who is to pay for it?'

Lily Maude looked up bravely. 'I am, sir,' she answered. 'I am going to scrub and wash for Mrs, Robinson until it's all cleared up. You see, sir,' she went on, timidly, 'I heard them tell about the minister's wife being so sick and not able to do anything and all that, and these walls looked so bad I was afraid when she saw them she'd get worse. Things like that trouble sick people a good deal. I know, for I've been with them all my life. I hope you don't mind my doing it, sir?'

The deacon looked down upon Lily Maude in her worn and shabby dress. Then, like Horatio Robinson, he felt something rise in his throat.

'No, no, Lily,' he said, huskily, 'you did right, quite right.' He went hastily out into the next room.

The whole parsonage was papered, and out of the deacon's own pocket, at that. Then somehow the story of what Lily Maude had done crept out, and others went to work. A carpet was put down

that matched the bedroom walls. Rich old Mrs. Janes, hitherto not noted for her liberality, opening her heart and her purse-strings, sent over a beautiful brass bed. Some one else added the coverings, and kindly hands hung dimity curtains at the windows and spread a rug on the floor. Easy chairs and pictures completed the pretty room, an ideal resting place for an invalid, so fresh was it and so attractive.

'Tired, Margaret?'

'A little, dearest.'

The minister's wife tried to smile but the effort was a failure. The jolting of the train jarred on the tired nerves, and even through the car window the prospect was not alluring. Long stretches of buffalo grass flashed by, interspersed with white patches of alkali; and every turn of the car-wheels was taking her farther from her old home. Still, if she could only get well! And wonderful recoveries were made in the pure, invigorating climate to which they were hurrying.

Yet how she dreaded it all! New scenes, strange faces, and perhaps the new friends would not be like the old tried ones she was leaving so far behind.

'Cheer up, dear,' the minister was saying. 'We'll soon be there.'

'I wish we could go straight to the parsonage,' she answered. 'Somehow I dread hotels—and strangers.'

'Never mind,' was the cheerful answer. 'We'll soon be settled, and your room shall be first, Margaret. I'll make it as easy and comfortable for you as I can.'

'You always do that,' was the grateful answer. 'I'm ashamed to murmur when I have the children and you.'

'Gray Rock,' shouted the conductor, and the minister rose.

'Home, Margaret,' he said tremulously. 'Come, children.'

It was a little station, and only two or three were standing on the platform. Among them was a tall man with a weather-beaten face. It was Deacon Cummings who came forward hurriedly to meet them. He took the minister's hand shaking it warmly. Then he turned to the woman.

'I've a carriage right here,' he said, anxious at the sight of her pale, worn face. 'Let me help you.'

She sank upon the cushions exhausted. The children sat quietly together, wide-eyed and wondering.

'We're in your hands,' the minister said smiling. 'What will you do with us?'

'You'll see,' was the genial answer.

In a few moments the carriage stopped. Deacon Cummings alighted. 'This is the parsonage,' he said. 'We thought it would be pleasanter for you to come straight to your home, so we did what we could for you. Some time I'll tell you the story of how it was all brought about. Your wife's room is ready for her, and the ladies have spread a supper for you in the dining-room. Welcome to Gray Rock, my dear friends, and may the new home bring you health and happiness.'

'I am sure it will,' said the minister's wife, taking the deacon's hand.

'I am sure, too,' said the minister.

The tears were in his eyes as he half-led, half-carried his wife across the threshold into the pretty room awaiting her. Gently, very gently, he laid her upon the pillows of the soft bed, with all its snow-white draperies. She put both arms about his neck and murmured:

'"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."'

The Finns.

It is certainly quite safe to affirm that in no other European state, not even in Sweden and Norway, is life and property more secure than in Finland. The confident, matter-of-fact way in which trunks, parcels and portmanteaus are left for hours in the public streets of cities without any to look after them could not fail to edify an Englishman or a Belgian, whose portable property often seems to disappear by magic.

In the country districts the houses are for the most part unbolted, unbarred and unlocked. More than once in my excursions I have come up to a house, the occupants of which were miles away at the time, and yet not a door of it was bolted or barred.

Then again, it is no uncommon thing for a blooming girl of seventeen, or a young married woman to drive alone in her cart a distance of fifty or sixty miles through dense forests, and by the shores of gloomy lakes, conveying the family's butter, cheese and eggs to market in the town, and then to return home alone with the proceeds.

Finnish honesty is proverbial. In trade the Finns, as a rule, are not only scrupulously honest, they are heroically quixotically so. A tradesman will tell you the whole truth about his wares, even when he knows perfectly well that by doing so he loses a customer whom the partial truth would have secured.

'This seems exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for,' I said to a merchant in Helsingfors some months ago, in reference to an article that cost £15, 'and I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend me to take it.'

'No, sir, I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you.' And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere.

'Here's your fare,' I said to a peasant in the interior, who had driven me for three hours through the woods on his drosky, handing him 4s.

'No, sir, that's double my fare,' he replied, returning me half the money. And when I told him he must keep it for his honesty, slightly nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen. —'Saturday Review.'

Selfish Shyness.

'It was the gentle rebuke of a wise friend that helped me to conquer my shyness,' a woman said one day. 'I had been a timid child, shrinking from strangers and suffering all the agonies that only children know. As I grew up, the trouble became worse instead of better. I used to cry myself sick over it sometimes. All the other girls met strangers lightly and easily. Apparently a new face was no more a cause of concern to them than a new flower to me. I alone was smitten with that agonizing dumbness and terror, till it seemed to me I was physically unable to utter a syllable.

'One day a sympathetic word from a teacher to whom I was devoted, made me open my heart to her. I thought that she would pity me, I pitied myself so utterly. But instead she answered, as if she were agreeing to what I said, "Yes, selfishness is a lifelong enemy to all of us."

'I was hurt at first, but I could not forget it; and gradually I began to see that she was right—that my suffering had all been because I was thinking about myself and the impression that people would have of me; if I forget myself, what would there be left for me to be shy about? From the moment that that realization came to me, I determined that I would stop thinking about myself and think about other people instead. It was hard at first, but the very difficulty showed how great the need was and I would not give up. And now'—she stopped laughingly, for the talk had been started by a remark about her, that she 'got along so easily with people.'

The word was a wise one spoken from the large love that dares to hurt, if pain is necessary to the cure. The suffering of the shy and sensitive is not imaginary; it is real and often intense; but there is one unfailing remedy for those who are brave enough to take it—Stop thinking about yourself.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 21, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The American Wreckage—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Political Pessimism—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Personality in Politics—The Demand for Business Ministers—F. A. L., in the 'Illustrated London News.'
Two Voices—By C. G., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Notes on Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham Speech—The Manchester 'Guardian'; the 'Standard,' London; the 'Times,' London.
Two London Weeklies on Mr. Chamberlain's Campaign—For and Against—The 'Saturday Review,' the 'Pilot.'
Panama and the United States—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle'; the Springfield 'Republican'; the 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York; the 'Evening Post,' New York.
With the Bands in Macedonia—By A. G. Hales, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Rod of Iron over Finland—By Gertrude Green, in the Boston 'Evening Transcript.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Is Art a Product of disease?—By Bliss Carman, in the 'Literary World,' Boston. Abridged.
Louis Stevenson, 'The Dramatist'—The 'Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'Tis He that Striveth Not is Dead—Poem by Curtis Hidden Page, in the 'Bookman.'
The Eastward Road—Poem by Jeannette Bliss Gillespy.
The Dogmas of Free Thought—V. A Defence of the Non-Controversial Method—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
On Things Indifferent—By J. B., in the 'Christian World,' London.
Politics and Poetry—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Professor Mommsen—The 'Daily News,' London.
Concise but Adequate—By Francis Thompson, in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Jewish Babes at the Library—The New York 'Evening Post.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Dr. Wallace's New Book—Man's Place in the Universe—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Is Earth the Only Planet Peopled?—By Sir Oliver Lodge, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
To Cross the Ocean in Three Days—The Chicago 'Journal.'
A Short-sighted Refusal of Protection—'Chambers's Journal.'
The Fall of the Leaf—By O. H. L., in the 'Pilot,' London.
Science Notes

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

BUT, Subscribers to the 'Messenger' may have 'World Wide' at the specially reduced rate of 75 Cents,

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for $1.00.

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Peter the Piper.

Do you think any king upon his throne could be happier than Peter? Look at him seated on the stile beside the bridge. He is monarch there. Not a soul disturbs him. The sky, the water, the fair, outspread country are all his. And he is making music for himself.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

I think Peter can hear some of this music and is trying to reproduce it. And there is music in his own little heart, too, because he is so happy and free from care, and has love for God and all His creatures.

Peter's mother is a widow, and very hard she works all day, for she has two little girls to see to besides him. She keeps a cow, and it is chiefly from the butter and cheeses which she makes and sends to market that the money comes with which she buys the clothes that her children wear.

Sometimes Peter goes with her to market, and on these occasions he will often make merry dance tunes with his pipe in the market-place, and then the other children can never keep from dancing. Even the market-women when trade is slack can hardly forbear dancing, too, and will, at any rate, beat time with their feet and nod their heads to the tune.

One day there came to stay at the inn in the village where Peter lived a gentleman who had been ill. He was often depressed and sad from his weakness and from a trouble he had had, and his wife, who was with him, found it hard work to cheer him up. She happened to hear Peter playing in the village street as he walked quickly along to the tune he was making.

'Stop!' she called to him in German, and when Peter did not hear her she hurried after him and took hold of his arm. 'What merry music you make!' she said. 'Will you come and play at the inn for me?'

'Certainly, gracious lady,' said Peter, for he was not unused to being asked to play for people, and where music was concerned he was never shy. He knew this lady, too, by sight, for in such a village everyone soon knows all about everyone else. So a time was arranged, and in the evening, just when the fits of gloom came chiefly to the poor sick man, Peter went and stood outside the window of the parlor as he had been told and played such airs as came to him—all gay and bright and clear, like the song of birds.

The gentleman looked up from his brooding, listened, smiled, then his face became gradually cheerful. He rose and went to the window.

'Alice,' he said, 'just look at this little musician. It does one good to hear him. And he has a face like sunshine.'

His wife smiled.

'I have seen him,' she said, 'and heard him too, and I thought I would give you a little surprise. I have been asking our landlady about him. She says that, young as he is, he is quite in request at all the village festivities, but he is just as simple and unspoiled as he can be. He has a good mother, but his father is dead.'

'Tell him to come in,' said the gentleman.

In came Peter, with bare feet and legs, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, his hat in one hand, his whistle in the other, and made his best bow to the lady and gentleman.

'I am very fond of music,' said the latter, 'and I have enjoyed yours this evening. Tell me, child, who taught you?'

'No one taught me,' said Peter. 'Uncle Max gave me this'—touching his instrument—'and I play

on it what comes into my mind.'

'Then they must be very happy things which come into your mind.'

'Yes, sir,' said Peter simply. 'Why not? I see the sunshine, I listen to the birds, to the water, to the trees, then I play.'

'Ah,' said the gentleman, 'you are young, Peter. You have never had anything to make all speak to you of sorrow instead of joy.' And he sighed.

Peter did not quite understand him, but he said—

'My mother says we must always be glad, sir, when we remember that the world is God's world and that He loves everything and everybody.'

'Does your mother teach you that?' said the gentleman. 'Then it is no wonder you can make happy music. Now, play me one more tune. And will you come again?'

'Sir, I can come each evening at this hour.'

'Then do so. I will pay you. And tell me, what is there you most want?'

Peter did not think a moment. His face lit up. 'I want most,' he said, 'a violin.'

'You shall have one,' said the gentleman.

And so, day after day, just at the said hour, came Peter to cheer the sick man with his music. And the invalid began to get better much more quickly than he had done. He told the physician who had been attending him he need call no more.

'I have a little doctor who calls each evening and cheers away my illness,' he said.

And this is what the good doctor answered—

'If there were more happy dispositions and more thought of God, my friend, we should have far less work to do—for gloom is a terrible foe to health.'

So Peter helped to cure the invalid and by-and-by earned a violin. —'The Child's Companion.'

'Little Gentleman Bob.'

[By Florence Stratton Weaver, in 'Pres. Banner.')

(Concluded.)

Instantly the arms relaxed, the head was raised and the sobbing ceased. The little crumpled, dripping white creature sped past him and down the aisle to her seat, mopping away the tears and disgrace with two hands full of her flimsy white dress. Bob kept his hands down tight in his pockets; his face was crimson, but he turned boldly toward the class. Miss Agnes saw that though he tried to smile his eyes were full of tears. So she arose quickly and called the next class and went on with the lesson without any comment, though there was a big lump in her throat and her heart felt too big for its usual abode.

The moments ticked slowly by and the little soldier stood bravely at his post still sustained by his hands in his pockets. After a while the many eyes were diverted from him and the tension was somewhat lessened. Miss Agnes constantly glanced at her watch and finally said in a relieved tone:

'Bob, your time is up.'

'Twas a long awkward walk to his seat and Bob looked much embarassed. Miss Agnes rose; she felt that the occasion called for some remark from her, but she did not know exactly what to say. But the boys did; there were about a dozen of them on the back benches. They arose as one boy and exclaimed as with one loud voice, 'Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for Bobbie Wheeler.'

Miss Agnes wondered how they had planned it without any whispering. There is nothing so outwardly rough as a boy and nothing so inwardly tender, and no heart so on the look out for and so ready to acknowledge heroism and loyalty as is the heart of a boy. Miss Agnes clapped her hands and said: 'Good, let us all hurrah; girls, too.' And her own voice joined strongly in the next outburst.

'Children,' she continued, 'you know I always give you a verse to commit each day; I had selected another, but have decided on this one, and you will all understand it now. Repeat after me:

'Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ.'

* * * *

Bob was abandoning himself most entirely to a very good supper. A long afternoon's ride on his pony made him ready for it. The bell rang. John left the last plate of waffles with Master Bob and went to the door.

'It's a lady and gentleman to see you and Mars Wheeler,' he said, nodding to Mrs. Wheeler.

So Bob was left alone in a trying position to do justice to so many waffles and so much fried chicken all by himself; but he did not seem troubled.

'Oh, Mrs. Wheeler,' came a sweet voice from out the September twilight in the parlor. 'I am so glad to meet you; I am Mrs. Davenport and this is my husband.' And they all shook hands and Papa Wheeler switched on the electric light.

'We have just come,' she continued, 'to congratulate you both on owning such a boy as Bob, and to thank him for what he did for our precious little Annetta to-day.'

'Why, what did he do?' said both fond parents in one voice. 'Bob never tells—we never know,' continued Mother Wheeler.

'No,' said Mr. Davenport, taking the chair offered by Mr. Wheeler; 'I should not imagine he would be the kind to tell such things.'

'Well,' went on Mrs. Davenport, 'here is what Annetta told us: To-day at school Miss Agnes said that anyone who talked should stand in the corner for half an hour. Annetta talked right off; she knows nothing about school, has only been going a week. Of course she had to take the place in the corner. Well, that would ordinarily have been all right. But my Annetta has a very weak back. I wanted to tell Miss Agnes that when I placed her here, but she begged me not to mention it. She is really very weak and cannot endure anything. Well, there she stood, weeping, and of course no one knew it was hard on her back as well as her feelings. But, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, up walked your dear little Bob and told Annetta to go and sit down, that he would stand up for her. He did not know her at all—had never spoken to her before. Annetta says he never goes near any of the girls—'

Mrs. Davenport paused to wipe away the tears that were coursing down her cheeks. 'Well, there he stood, the darling, before the whole class; it was not easy, and he just saved my dear little girl another long spell of illness.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 12.

The Dedication of the Temple

I. Kings viii., 1-11, 62, 63.

Golden Text.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Psalm cxxii., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 7.—I. Kings viii., 1-11.
Tuesday, Dec. 8.—I. Kings viii., 12-21.
Wednesday, Dec. 9.—I. Kings viii., 22-30.
Thursday, Dec. 10.—I. Kings viii., 56-66.
Friday, Dec. 11.—II. Chron. v., 1-10.
Saturday, Dec. 12.—II. Chron. vi., 1-11.
Sunday, Dec. 13.—II. Chron. vii., 12-22.

1. Then Solomon assembled the elders of Israel, and all the heads of the tribes, the chief of the fathers of the children of Israel, unto king Solomon in Jerusalem, that they might bring up the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of the city of David, which is Zion.

2. And all the men of Israel assembled themselves unto king Solomon at the feast in the month Ethanim, which is the seventh month.

3. And all the elders of Israel came, and the priests took up the ark.

4. And they brought up the ark of the Lord, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and all the holy vessels that were in the tabernacle, even those did the priests and the Levites bring up.

5. And king Solomon, and all the congregation of Israel, that were assembled unto him, were with him before the ark, sacrificing sheep and oxen, that could not be told nor numbered for multitude.

6. And the priests brought in the ark of the covenant of the Lord unto his place, into the oracle of the house, to the most holy place, even under the wings of the cherubims.

7. For the cherubims spread forth their two wings over the place of the ark, and the cherubims covered the ark and the staves thereof above.

8. And they drew out the staves, that the ends of the staves were seen out in the holy place before the oracle, and they were not seen without: and there they are unto this day.

9. There was nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone, which Moses, put there at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of the land of Egypt.

10. And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord,

11. So that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.

62. And the king, and all Israel with him, offered sacrifice before the Lord.

63. And Solomon offered a sacrifice of peace offerings, which he offered unto the Lord, two and twenty thousand oxen and an hundred and twenty thousand sheep. So the king and all the children of Israel dedicated the house of the Lord.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

In I. Kings v.-vii. we have the account of the building of Solomon's Temple, one of the most glorious and famous structures in human history. The description of this building can best be understood by the aid of some good Bible dictionary or special work upon the subject. A number of such have been produced, such as Edersheim's 'The Temple and its Services,' probably obtainable through any large religious publishing house. Though the description, in some of its details may not be readily understood, still, by no means omit it. You will at least get an idea of the magnitude of the work, of the vast number employed, of the great treasure put into the construction, and of the time required, and with these things you will also gain some idea of the glory of Solomon's reign. For an account of the personal greatness of the king, see chap. iv.

In this lesson we have the dedication of the temple, an occasion of great national importance and interest.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 1, 2 give an outline account of the assembly that Solomon called for the dedication. In the last two lessons we have had accounts of great national gatherings of Israel, and now we have a third. Can you tell how this one differed from the other two? The assemblies upon the occasion of David's charge to the young king, and again when Solomon called the people together at Gibeon were composed of the chief men of the nation, but in this case, as you will notice by verse 2, not only were the elders and the heads of tribes brought to Jerusalem, but 'all the men of Israel' were present on this great occasion.

'At the feast in the month of Ethanim.' This was the 'feast of tabernacles,' one of the three feasts of the year at which all the males of Israel were commanded to be present. Leviticus xxiii., 34, Deuteronomy xvi., 16. This month corresponded to parts of September and October, and this was the great thanksgiving feast of the Jews, a fit occasion to dedicate the new temple.

3. 'And the priests took up the ark.' The ark had reposed in a tent which David had made for it, in the city of Jerusalem, though the tabernacle was at Gibeon, as we saw last week. There was a solemn procession as well there might be when the ark of God was to be placed in a permanent abode.

4. '. . . And the tabernacle of the congregation.' The tabernacle was also brought into the temple with due ceremony. It is supposed that the curtains and poles of the now dismantled tabernacle were stored in suitable places in the temple for preservation. Objects so full of memories and so rich in historic association were not to be destroyed or allowed to fall into profane hands.

5. 'Sacrificing sheep and oxen.' During the days of the feast of tabernacles solemn offerings were made. We find in verse 4 that the brazen altar could not accommodate the great number of sacrifices, and that Solomon 'hallowed' the middle of the court that was before the 'house of the Lord,' for this purpose. It was a great occasion for thanksgiving, as well as a regular feast.

6, 8. 'And the priests brought in the ark,' etc. We now come to the placing of the ark in the position assigned to it. This was the 'most holy place' or 'oracle,' the preparation of which is described in chapter vi. In Hebrew this is called the 'holy of holies.' The ark was placed beneath the wings of the cherubim, or angelic figures. Read Exodus xxv., 10-22 for a description of the ark and mercy seat, with its cherubim. In the 22nd verse we learn that it was from between these cherubim that God communicated.

'And they drew out the staves,' etc. The Revised puts it, 'And the staves were so long,' etc. The meaning seems to be that the poles or staves by which the ark was carried were so long that they projected through the curtains dividing the most holy place from the holy place, so that they could be seen in the latter room.

9. 'There was nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone,' etc. In Hebrews ix., 4, the ark is referred to as containing 'the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant,' but the writer of Hebrews was not speaking of the temple but of the tabernacle; it would seem that the reference in Hebrews deals with a time when the ark held all the articles referred to.

10. '. . . The cloud filled the house of the Lord.' Notice that it does not say 'a' cloud, but 'the' cloud. It was the cloudy pillar that had led their forefathers in the wilderness, the outward evidence of God's presence. It had rested upon the old tabernacle when it had been dedicated and it now rests upon the great temple. (Exodus xl., 34).

11. 'So that the priests could not stand to minister.' The officiating priests were overwhelmed by the very nearness and glory of God, so that their ceremonial labors were interrupted. How the presence of God's Spirit in the soul crowds out all form and ceremony!

After this portion of the chapter, just studied, comes the account of the remarks of Solomon concerning the temple, his blessing of the people, his address, his dedicatory prayer, his further blessing and admonition to the people, and then the accounts in verses 62, 63 of the sacrifice of peace offering, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep. Read the account of the dedication in II. Chron. vi, 6. 7.

'The Queen of Sheba Visits Solomon.' I. Kings x., 1-10.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Dec. 13.—Topic—An anti-worry meeting. John xiv., 1-31.

Junior C. E. Topic.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Monday, Dec. 7.—In our power. Gen. i., 26.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—Under God's care. Matt. vi., 26.

Wednesday, Dec. 9.—He uses them. I. Kings xvii., 6.

Thursday, Dec. 10.—They serve us. Luke xvi., 20, 21.

Friday, Dec. 11.—They teach us. Prov. vi., 6-8.

Saturday, Dec. 12.—How to treat them. Deut. xxxii., 6.

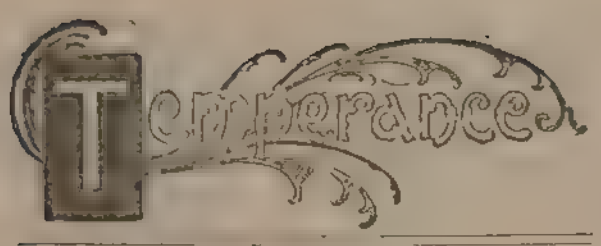
Sunday, Dec. 13.—Topic—A Bible maid who was kind to animals. Gen. xxiv., 19-28.

The Test

I would have this question as the grand and requisite test of a teacher's fitness: Do you feel that you are called by the Spirit to this work, and are you ready to lay aside joyfully everything in your daily life which will disqualify you to be a preacher of divine truth to your class? Do you say 'This principle, if carried out, would reduce the number of teachers in many of our schools one-half?' I think not; but if this were true, then let the number be reduced, and you will lose nothing, but gain immensely in spiritual power and in success, to God's glory. Does any teacher say, 'Well, then, I ought to give up my class?' But why? 'Because I am not fit to instruct my scholars.' But this would be cowardly. You surely are not teaching from the mere sense of duty, nor do you wish to be laboring in a barren field, barren because of your own negligence. No; your only noble course is to seek a more intimate acquaintance with Christ, a deeper enrichment of his grace, so that your scholars will know that you have been with Jesus; they will feel your spiritual power, and every word you speak will be as good seed in their hearts, seed whose harvest grain by and by will see, and will lay the sheaves at the pierced feet. —Dr. A. E. Kitteredge.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.



The Wonderful Work of a Song.

The following letter, to the editor of the 'National Advocate,' organ of the National Temperance Society, tells a story of thrilling interest:

'The passing away from labor to reward of the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of London, recalled to the writer a story that he heard from the lips of the late George Charlton, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, the apostle of temperance of the north of England.

'Nearly sixty years ago, Mr. Charlton was going to lecture in Alnwick, Northumberland, some thirty miles or so from Newcastle-on-Tyne. In the train was a drunken man, his wife, and a boy just entering his teens. The drunken man was quarrelsome, and was making himself a nuisance to everybody in the car. His poor wife tried her best to keep him quiet, but without avail.

'Mr. Charlton came to the assistance of the poor woman, and offered to sing for the man if he would only be still. To this the fellow readily agreed. So, after giving the boy some money, Mr. Charlton sang a temperance song; then, when that was finished, the drunkard called for one more song. Mr. Charlton this time sang an old, well-known hymn, which seemed to have a wonderful effect on the drunkard. By this time the train reached its destination. Both Mr. Charlton and the man and his wife and son got off at the same station. The wife thanked Mr. Charlton very heartily for his kindness, and bade him goodbye. Many years afterward, Mr. Charlton was invited to lecture once more in Alnwick, and he was met at the station by a fine-looking gentleman, who escorted him to the place where he was to lecture. It has long been a custom in the north of England to have "tea parties," as they call them, in their chapels, and an address or lecture to follow. Mr. Charlton was invited to the tea on this occasion. A typical English matron was very attentive to Mr. Charlton, loading his plate with all the good things that had been provided. Mr. Charlton also noticed that this gentleman who had met him at the train was paying much attention to Mr. Charlton's wants; this naturally aroused his curiosity. Calling the lady to his side, he asked, "Who is that fine-looking gentleman?" "Well, Mr. Charlton," said the lady, "that gentleman is my husband; he is one of the elders of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Charlton, do you remember, many years ago, singing for a drunken man to keep him quiet?" "Why, yes," said Mr. Charlton, "I do." "Well, sir, that is the man, and I am the poor woman who thanked you for singing for him that temperance song, and the old hymn led him to see the error of his ways. He signed the pledge, he gave his heart to God, and so did I, sir, and we have now the happiest home in the north of England, and we owe it all, under God, to you, sir." "Well," said Mr. Charlton, "what about that boy? Where is he?" "Well, sir, when my husband quit drinking, we soon had a nice little home of our own, and Joe, our Joe, was anxous to get an education, and so we sent him to school, and to-day, sir, he is the Rev. Joseph Parker, pastor of the Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester." At this point, she called her husband; the rest, Mr. Editor, can be imagined. Mr. Charlton, after the lecture, was entertained by the Presbyterian elder and his good wife.

'It goes without saying that they were warm friends of temperance, and as for "Joe," his forty years' championship of the cause speaks for itself. This was the man, the minister, who dared to reprove the King of England for brewing beer at Burton's brewery recently.

'May the God of Old England raise up one thousand Joseph Parkers, to lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show England and her King the danger lurking in the intoxicating cup. This article is too long already, but I cannot close without pointing to the fact that the church of Christ is indebted to the cause of temperance and to temperance workers for some of its ablest and brightest ministers, as well as noble laymen. God bless the cause.

HERVEY WOOD.'

The Medicinal Use of Alcohol.

'Throughout the greater part of medical literature alcoholic drinks are represented as stimulating and restorative, capable of increasing the force and efficiency of the circulation and of conserving the normal living tissues by diminshing their waste, and hence they are first to be resorted to in all cases of sudden exhaustion, faintness, or shock, the last to be given to the dying and the most constant remedies through the most important and protracted acute general diseases. It is this position and practice of the professon that constitutes the strongest influence in support of all the popular but destructive drinking customs of to-day. The same anaesthetic properties of alcohol that render the laboring man less conscious of the cold, or heat, or weariness, also render the sick man less conscious of suffering, either mental or physical, and deceive both him and his physician by the temporary appearance of more comfort. But if administered during the progress of fevers or acute general diseases, whilst it thus quiets the patient's restlessness and lessens his consciousness of suffering, it also directly diminishes the vaso-motor and excito-motor nerve force with slight reduction of temperature, and steadily diminishes both the tissue and excretory products, thereby favoring the retention in the system of both the specific causes of disease and the natural excretory materials that should have been eliminated. The continued dulling or anaesthetic effect on the nerve centres, the diminished oxygenation of the blood and the continued retention of morbific and excretory products, all serve to protract the disease, increase degeneration, and add to the number of fatal results.'—'Temperance Record.'

General Bidwell of California

General Bidwell lived an active and useful life, one of service to his fellow-men, but that act which is grandest, which involved the most self-sacrifice, and which appeals especially to every temperance man, woman and child, is told as follows:

General Bidwell loved the land of his adoption, in a literal sense that impelled him to develop its resources in many directions only apparent to men as thoughtful as he. Seeing the ravages of strong drink in the new State, he hoped to check it by the substitution of something better; so with the belief that the use of light wines would be antidotal to the whiskey habit, he spent large sums of money investigating soils and the culture of vines, importing the best from Europe, and introducing the best methods of making wine. The success of his manufacture was beyond all question, and his wine carried off medals and prizes above all competitors. About this time he went to Washington as a Member of Congress. Returning after an absence of two years, he was interested in the changes that had taken place during that time. Sitting in his office daily, he noted the passers by, and the coincidence that visitors to his foreman were very frequent about the hour that the wine was racked off, when everyone was welcome to drink of it. He noted also the changed appearance of these visitors, and an evident deterioration. He began to reflect, and his conclusion was that he was making drunkards just as fast as he was making wine. He called in the foreman and instructed him to take a pair of horses, hitch to the first vine at the corner of the vineyard and pull it up; then go on until they were all pulled up, saying that he would make no more wine. The foreman remonstrated; they were fine vines; why not cut them down and graft with table grapes? 'No,' said General Bidwell. 'I do not expect to live always, and some one after me might cut them below the grafts. Pull them up and burn them.' And it was done.—'Pacific Ensign.'

The Saloon a Nuisance

The average American saloon is so bad that even whiskey organs are becoming ashamed of it.

'Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular' says:

'The average saloon is out of line with public sentiment.

'The average saloon ought not to be defended by our trade, but it ought to be condemned. In small towns the average saloon is a nuisance. It is a resort for all tough characters, and in the south for all idle negroes.

'It is generally on a prominent street, and it is usually run by a sport who cares only for the almighty dollar. From this resort the drunken man starts reeling to his home; at this resort the local fights are indulged in. It is a stench in the nostrils of society and a disgrace to the wine and spirit trade.

'How, then, shall we defend the average saloon? We answer, Don't defend it, but condemn it. We must stand abreast of the most advanced public sentiment; we must oppose prohibition, but favor only a decent trade; we must offer society a substitute for the average saloon; we must ask society to join with us in securing model license laws; we must demand character qualifications and get men in the retail liquor business who will conduct their places as drug stores, for instance, are conducted. We must help to clean the Augean stables; we must lift the business out of the rut into which it has run for so long a time; we must prove that we are the friends of law, order, decency, temperance.'

Notwithstanding the above condemnation of the saloon by a liquor organ, the people of the state of Michigan keep upon their statute books a tax law which fosters the saloon business, so that it is going from bad to worse every year, the 'Augean stables' being piled high with filth and crime, and 'the average saloon a nuisance' everywhere.—'Michigan Advocate.'

What a Traveller Says

One of the highest salaried travelling men making Kansas was talking with a Wichita reporter the other day of the prohibition law of Kansas, and said: 'I make all the towns of Eastern Kansas and Western Missouri, and I want to say that all this talk about prohibition hurting business is all a farce. I sell more goods and of a better quality in Kansas towns than I do in Missouri, and my patrons are better pay. They need not tell me that the people of a town have to guzzle beer in order to have prosperous business. When the people of a town spend their money for beer, they don't have so much to spend in my line. I don't mind a glass of beer occasionally, but I prefer to sell goods to a man that doesn't use it. I find he is a good deal more apt to have the money when pay day comes.'—Kansas 'City Star.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send eight new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for remainder of 1903 at ten cents each, or four new subscriptions at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

A LETTER TO OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—If you will look in the 'Messenger' of the sixteenth of October, you will see that we promised you that a birthday book should run on this page from month to month, but not, as some of you seemed to think, that a bound birthday book should be sent to anyone who applied. After this the names of those having birthdays in a certain month must be sent in before the fifth of the previous month. Those having birthdays in January should send in their names before the fifth of December.

Now about the 'Text Hunts for 'Tinies.' These texts are, after this, only for those under eight years old, and the 'Scripture Searchers' for those under thirteen. Try to remember to write your name and age on every sheet of paper in your answer. Also send in your answer within a week of the date of your 'Messenger' with those questions in.

EDITOR OF CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

NOVEMBER.

1.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. Psa. cii., 1.
Cecil MacCarie.

2.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him. Psa. ciii., 17.

3.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord. Psa. xcii., 1.
Katie McD.

4.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy. Psa. xc., 14.
Lulu MacNaught.

5.

He that dwelleth in the secret of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Psa. xci., 1.

6.

Thy comforts delight my soul. Psa. xciv., 19.

7.

Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it. Psa. lxxxi., 10.

8.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee. Psa. lxxiv., 5.

9.

Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Psa. lxxiii., 23.

10.

He shall choose our inheritance for us. Psa. xlvii., 4.

11.

He will be our guide even unto death. Psa. xlviii., 14.

12.

In God we boast all the day long. Psa. xliv., 8.

13.

The Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time. Psa. xlii., 8.

14.

Be strong and of a good courage. Josh. i., 6. Jennie E. Beattie.

15.

Fear not, neither be thou dismayed. Josh. viii., 1.
Hazel Brown. Bessie Alexander.

16.

The Lord recompense thy work. Ruth ii., 12.

17.

Wait on the Lord and keep his way. Psa. xxvii., 34.

18.

The meek shall inherit the earth. Psa. xxvii., 11.

19.

In thy light shall we see light. Psa. xxxvi., 9.
Pearlie M. King.

20.

Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him. Psa. xxxvii., 7.
J. G. R.

21.

O taste and see that the Lord is good. Psa. xxxiv., 8.
Lettie Allen.

22.

None of them that trust in him shall be desolate. Psa. xxxiv., 22.
Miles W. Tait.

23.

For thy name's sake lead me and guide me. Psa. xxxi., 3.

24.

I will guide thee with mine eye. Psa. xxxii., 8.

25.

Thou art my hiding place. Psa. xxxii., 7.

26.

My times are in thy hand. Psa. xxi. 15.

27.

Thou hast been my help. Psa. xxvii., 9.
Alfred Barbour.

28.

Lead me in a plain path. Psa. xxvii., 11.
Ray Barbour.

29.

The meek will he guide in judgment. Psa. xxv., 9.

30.

Grace be with you. Col. iv., 18.
Jemima Fingland. Sophie G. Barbour.

Snow Road.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to read the little letters in it very much. I was nine years old last April. I have been going to school for a year. I am in the third book. I like our teacher very much. For pets we have a dog and two cats. We have seventeen head of cattle, three horses and eight pigs. I have three brothers, but no sisters. I have a cousin who takes the 'Northern Messenger.'

STELLA M. W.

Millar's Corners.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible you sent me, and think it is very nice. Many thanks. I go to school every day. I had lots of fun playing in the hay at my grandpa's place last summer. He lives a short distance from our home. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly a year, and like to read it. I like the Correspondence best. I am in the junior fourth book at school, and I am nine years old. WILLIAM G.

Kingsmill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from our Sunday-school, so I will write one. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and love to read it. I enjoy reading the correspondence page very much; also the rest of the paper. I am a little boy twelve years old. I go to school, and I am in the third book. My papa works on the railway here at home. I had a little pet rabbit, but I gave it away. I had a nice little dog, who used to draw me on a hand sleigh, but he died this summer. I will tell you about my trip to Wisconsin this fall. We had a lovely time. I have five little cousins out there. My uncle is a cheese maker. We saw three mounds, one about eight eight miles away, and there were lots of rock around there, too. W. M.

Nine Mile River.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for quite a long time, and like it very much. I like the little folks' page best. We live on a farm, and keep three horses and two cows. We had no school here the first half term, as they were repairing the schoolhouse. My papa keeps a store and the post-office. I am eleven years old. JENNIE A. R.

Amherst, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters from here, so I thought that I would write to tell something about our town. It is situated half-way between Halifax and St. John, and on the I.C.R.; capital of Cumberland County. It has a population of seven thousand. It is one of the greatest manufacturing towns. I was at the Toronto Exhibition in September, and I saw the Queen's Jubilee presents. We also went to Niagara Falls, and spent a day in Montreal. I think that the cities of Upper Canada are beautiful.

J. B. C. L.

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like so much to read the 'Messenger.' I go to the Victoria School and I am in the fifth grade; but it costs a little fortune for school supplies. I am very fond of reading. I have read 'Black Beauty,' 'Nan and Bessie,' 'Katie,' 'The Iceberg,' 'The Bonny Briar Bush,' 'The Poor Lady,' and 'The Rag Man.' E. C.

Strathavon.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. My little brother and I have taken the 'Messenger' for about six years. For pets I have three pigeons, one dog and two calves. But best of all is a dear little baby sister. Her name is Vida May. Our minister moved away this week, and we feel lonely, as he was loved by all. I am very fond of reading.

CLARENCE S.

Sarawak, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger,' and think it is a very nice paper. I like reading the correspondence page. As I have not seen any letters from this place, I thought I would write. I like reading books. I have read some, such as: 'The Pink Sash,' 'The Commander's Snuff Box,' 'The Captain Chimney Sweep,' 'A Child of the Muse,' 'Glory,' 'Fifteen,' 'Four Girls at Chautauqua,' and 'Chasing the Sun.' I wonder how all the little girls and boys spent their summer holidays? I spent mine very well. I was at my aunty's two weeks, and at my friend's three days, and I was often out for the day to little birthday parties. We live close by Owen Sound Bay, and think it is a nice place to live, as we can see the large boats pass. I go to school nearly every day. There are about twenty-eight scholars in our school.

MILDRED N.

Newport Station.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many nice little letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would like to write one myself. I live at Newport Station. In this place there is a post-office, store, blacksmith's shop and hotel. I live a mile from the school. I am in the eighth grade. I have not been to school much this term on account of being sick. We have two departments in our school, and I am in the advanced department. The church and the Sunday-school are also a mile away from our house. I received my Bible and I think it is very nice for the little work. The books I have read lately are: 'Elsie's Motherhood,' 'Martin Ratler,' 'Coral Island,' and 'Glengarry School Days.'

JEAN M.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Parent's Example.

A gentleman was telling me of the fact that some years ago there were two young men who stopped at the door of a well-known theatre in New York. The question was whether they should go in. That night there was to be a very immoral play enacted in that theatre. One man went in; the other stayed out. The young man who went in, went on from sin to sin, and through a crowd of iniquities, and died in the hospital of delirium tremens. The other young man, who retreated, chose his Christ, went into the Gospel, and is now one of the most eminent ministers of Christ in this country. And the man who retreated gave as his reason for turning back from that theatre that night, that there was an early voice within him, saying, 'Don't go in! don't go in!'

Example is most mighty. Remember, O father! O mother! that it is what you do that is going to affect your children, and not what you say. You tell your children to become Christians while you are not, and they will not heed you. Do you think Noah's family would have gone into the ark if he had not gone in? They would say, 'No, there is something about that boat that is not right; father has not gone in.' You cannot push children into the kingdom of God; you have got to pull them in. There has been many a general in a tower or castle looking at his army fighting, but that is not the kind of man to arouse enthusiasm among his troops. It is a Garibaldi or Napoleon I., who leaps into the stirrups, and dashes into the conflict, and has his troops following him with wild huzza. So you cannot stand off in your impenitent state, and tell your children to go ahead into the Christian life, and have them go. You must yourself, in God's strength, dash into the Christian conflict; you must lead them, and not tell them to go. Do you know that all the instruction you give to your children in a religious direction goes for nothing unless you illustrate it in your own life. It is what you are, not so much what you teach, admirable though it be.—Talmage.

Molasses Taffy.—Put a pint of molasses in a saucepan, set it over a slow fire and boil for about half an hour, watching and stirring to prevent it from boiling over. Remove a moment from the fire if it boils too high. When the candy begins to thicken, add half a teaspoon of dry and sifted baking soda. Try in cold water, and when hard or brittle pour it out an inch deep in buttered pans.—'Boston Globe.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers, Montreal.

Home Treatment for Cancer.

All forms of cancer and tumor cured by soothing, balmy oils. Doctors, lawyers and ministers endorse it. Write for free book to the home office, DR. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR ALGERNON COOTE, Bart.,

Ballyfin House, Mountrath, Ireland.

The Editor of 'World Wide,'

Montreal.

Dear Sir,

I am delighted with 'World Wide.' The publication is superior to any periodical of a similar kind that I have seen on either side of the Atlantic.

Please supply me with the paper weekly, to Ballyfin House, Mountrath, Ireland.

I am, yours faithfully,

ALGERNON COOTE.

P. S.—Kindly let me know what the cost will be for one year, including postage. I hope your paper is published in time to catch the Cunarder leaving New York each Saturday.

We take the liberty of printing the above for three reasons.

1. A good, wise and prominent man's testimony is of interest to many.

2. Sir Algernon expected to have to pay extra for postage. The publishers prepay the postage in every case, no extra charge being made to foreign countries. 'World Wide' is the only publication we know of on which foreign postage is not charged extra.

3. We make a point of catching the Cunarder so as to secure delivery to subscribers in Europe, Asia and Africa by the quickest possible mails.

'World Wide' is a weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews, and reflects the current thought of both Hemispheres.

'World Wide' is issued weekly at $1.00 a year, postage prepaid to any post-office address the world over. Sample Copies free on application.

'World Wide' is published by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Building, Montreal, Canada.

DRESSED DOLL FREE

Not a Doll's Head but a real Big Doll nearly 1½ feet tall, with movable head, arms and feet, lovely golden hair, pearly teeth, beautiful blue eyes, real slippers and stockings, elegantly and stylishly dressed from head to foot with beautiful lace trimmed underwear, fancy dress and stylish hat. Girls, all you have to do to get this lovely big Doll is to send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will send you, postpaid, 6 large beautifully colored Pictures, **16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages" and "The Family Record." These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 different colors and are fully worth 60c. You sell them for only 25c. (and give each purchaser a 50c. certificate free), return us the money and we will immediately send you this lovely big Doll, 1½ ft. tall, just as described. Write for the Pictures to-day so that you will be sure to have your Dolly for Christmas. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT 449. TORONTO, Ontario.**

FREE MAGIC LANTERN.

For selling only 1 doz. packages of Pens to sell at 10c a package. Each package contains 18 of the best English Steel nibs, worth double what we ask. **Everybody Buys.** This large, well made, finely finished Lantern has three fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Write to-day for the Pens so that you will be sure to have the Lantern for Christmas. **Toledo Pen Co., Dept. 476. Toronto.**

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 25c. each only 6 large beautifully colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages," all handsomely finished in 12 colors and fully worth 50c. A Certificate worth 50c. will be given free with each picture. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch and would not trade with my father." Boys, write us to-day and we will send you the Pictures to sell. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 463 TORONTO**

FREE TO GIRLS & LADIES

Beautiful little **Lady's Watch**, stem wind and set, with dainty Gold hands, fancy dial, jewelled movement and Solid Silver nickel case, on which roses and leaves are beautifully enamelled in natural colors, **also a** beautiful Gold finished **Chatelaine Pin** both given for selling only **1 doz.** large beautifully colored Pictures, **16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages" and "The Family Record," at 25c. each. A 50c. certificate free to each purchaser. Every Picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and is fully worth 50c. Write to-day and we will send the Pictures at once so that you can have this beautiful Watch also the Gold finished Chatelaine in good time for Christmas. Address **The Colonial Art Co.,** Dept. 450. Toronto.

Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Que., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **postcard** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 463 Toronto.

ELEGANT DRESSED WALKING DOLL FREE

Dolly has lovely eyes, beautiful golden curly hair, pearly teeth, and is handsomely and stylishly dressed. She will travel 20 ft. across the floor, standing without help of any kind. All you have to do to get this Wonderful Doll is to send us your name and address on a post card and we will send you 6 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Family Record," "The Angel's Whisper," and "Rock of Ages" to sell at 25c each. (a 50c certificate free to each purchaser). When sold return the money, and we will immediately send you this magnificent Walking Doll, that will make you the envy of all your playmates. Nellie Harten, Rydal Bank, Ont., writes: "I am delighted with my Doll. I would not exchange it for anything. It is the loveliest Doll in the world." Girls, don't delay, but write at once for the Pictures, so that you will be sure to have your Doll in time for Christmas. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 449, Toronto.

Free

Not One Cent to Pay.

32 HANDSOME FUR CAPERINES (Worth $6.50 Each)

FREE

A Grand Bargain to clear out the last of an immense stock of High Class Furs.

These handsome Caperines cost us **$3.75** each buying in large quantities for spot cash, and **we sold them all last winter for $4.95 cash** (less than wholesale price), but, as our stock is now reduced to only 32 and we expect our new supply to arrive shortly, we are going to give the whole of these 32 magnificent Caperines away **Free** for selling only **1 doz.** of our large beautifully colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Family Record," "The Angel's Whisper," and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each. (A 50c. certificate free to each purchaser.) These beautiful Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 different colors and are **fully worth 50c** Everyone you show them to will buy one or more. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this

Handsome Fur Caperine

Description.

This handsome Caperine is made of the finest quality glossy black Alaska Seal, with high turned up storm collar (fur on both sides), 5 inches wide and a warmly padded and beautifully lined cape, 9 inches wide, reaching over the shoulders, the whole ornamented with 6 long full furred tails as shown in the Illustration. Black Alaska Seal is one of the most durable Furs known. It is very fine, soft and beautiful, and under ordinary conditions will give ten years of satisfactory wear. The Caperine is very warm and comfortable, handsome in appearance and adds a fine stylish and dressy effect.

that you would have to pay from **$6.00 to $8.00** for in any fur store. Ladies and Girls **don't miss the grandest chance you ever had in your life,** but write for the Pictures at once or you may be too late. We guarantee to treat you right and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that **this magnificent Fur Caperine will not cost you one cent.** Address **The Home Supply Co.,** Dept. 447. Toronto.

REAL CORAL NECKLACE, 54 INCHES LONG FREE

A handsome stylish ornament, all the rage amongst the fashionable people of Toronto at the present time. This beautiful Necklace is imported direct from Italy and is made up of **over 600** pieces of beautifully polished pink coral, (Real Coral **not Imitation**) in many odd and curious shapes. Jewellers ask from $7.00 to $9.00 for this very same Coral Neck Chain, and we give it absolutely free for selling only 8 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Family Record," "The Angel's Whisper," and "Rock of Ages," at only 25c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 different colors and are fully worth 50c. Write to-day and we will send you the pictures to sell, also a large picture of the Coral Necklace in colors, so that you can see for yourself how beautiful it is. Don't delay writing and in a few days you will be leading the style in your town as, so far, these handsome Necklaces have appeared only in the largest cities. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 448. Toronto

AUTUMN OFFERS

To January 1, 1904.

DAILY WITNESS	only	**25** cents.
WEEKLY WITNESS	only	**10** "
WORLD WIDE	only	**10** "
NORTHERN MESSENGER	only	**5** "

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The subscription for WORLD WIDE includes postage to all parts of the world.

CLUBS.

DAILY WITNESS, WORLD WIDE and NORTHERN MESSENGER **35c** to Jan. 1, 1904.
WEEKLY " " " " **20c** " "

Subject to postal conditions above.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Building, Montreal.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES ON CREDIT.

We trust you with 8 large beautifully colored pictures each 16x22 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, **send us the money** and for your trouble we will send you a beautiful **Enamelled Watch**, with handsome silver nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., said: "I received my watch all O.K., and sold it for $6.00 as soon as I got it. Yours as Best, Rock River, Nfld., said: "Many thanks for the Watch. I am delighted with it. It is a delight and keeps splendid time. All my friends think it is just grand." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the pictures postpaid. To everyone who purchases a picture from you we will give a fine certificate free. **THE HOME ART CO., Dept 469 Toronto.**

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished **Lantern**, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 476 Toronto.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 15c. each, only 10 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books, all nicely printed, beautifully bound and each one containing 739 choice Receipts. A Certificate worth 50c. given free with each Book. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch, I would not trade with my father. I sold the Cook Books easily after school." Write us to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 483 TORONTO.**

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 X 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 479 Toronto.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT
—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept **408** Toronto.

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 12c., post-paid. The Novelty Co., Box 461, Toronto.

BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to have the prettiest Doll in the World for your very own? If so, send us your name and address on a **Post Card** and we will mail you postpaid, 8 large beautifully Colored Pictures, each 16 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c each, and give a Free Certificate worth 50c to each purchaser, return us the money, and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is 21 inches high, as big as a real baby, and has the loveliest, long, golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful dark eyes, rosy cheeks and movable head, arms and legs, so that you can put her in any position you wish. Her handsome dress has an elegantly tucked white yoke ornamented with diamond set gold buttons, and is trimmed with beautiful bows of satin ribbon edged with lace and very full fine white ruching which is draped around the yoke in the latest style. A very large hat ornamented with gold buckles and trimmed with an immense white imitation Ostrich feather completes her costume. Dolly has also lovely underwear, all trimmed with elegant lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. The picture shown here is an exact photograph of Dolly herself, but of course the real dolly is much prettier than her picture, because we can not show the lovely colors of her dress nor her beautiful eyes and hair in a photograph. **We know when you see her you will say she is the most beautiful doll you have ever seen.** Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful Doll, but I like her so much that I cannot leave her to write a note and tell you how pleased I am. All my little friends think she is just lovely." Mrs. Pearson, Yorkville Ave., Toronto, writes: "My little girl is highly delighted with her beautiful Doll and I am very much pleased with the honest way you treated her. I can hardly get her to lay her Dolly down, she likes it so much." Girls, remember this is the biggest, the most beautiful and the best dressed Doll ever advertised by any Company. There is nothing cheap about it from its head to its feet. You could not buy it at any store for less than **$2.00 cash**, and we want to give it to you absolutely free for **selling only 8 Pictures.** Could anything be easier? May Bruce, Hayesville, N.B., writes: I sold all the Pictures in a few minutes. They went like wildfire. Everybody said they were the nicest Pictures ever sold for 25c. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and this beautiful dolly will be your very own in a few days. We don't want one cent of your money and we allow you to keep out money to pay your postage. THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 437, Toronto.

FREE!

Ladies and Girls,

You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes

SEND your name and address, and we will mail you post paid **8 large beautifully-colored Pictures 16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," to sell at 25c. each. We also give a 50c. certificate free to each purchaser. These pictures are handsomely finished in **12 colors**, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. each. Every one you offer them to will buy one or more. When sold send us the money, and we will send you this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. We know you will be more than pleased with it. Miss J. Boekers, Rossenberg, Can., said: "I write to thank you for the handsome fur scarf. It is just beautiful. I could not buy one like it in our store for $3.00." The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. We could not think of giving them for so little, were it not that we had a great number made specially for us during the summer when the furriers were not busy. Ladies and girls, take advantage of this chance and write for the pictures to-day. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that your Fur Scarf **will not cost you one cent.** Address THE **COLONIAL ART CO., Dep. 484 Toronto.**

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. **Our Inventors' Help**, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'